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MISCELLANIES.

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

"Mr. Smith's house is in flames!" was the impudent exclamation of a wag who wished to procure a comfortable seat at the theatre on a crowded occasion. The anecdote is an old one, but indeed a fact intimately connected with the following story, and that fact is, that Smith is not only a [illegible], but carries a Common name, in spite of grammatical definition. The catalogue of all North Americans now [illegible] to have enjoyed the privilege of being [illegible], would unquestionably show that [illegible] of them claim the cognomens of Abbot, [illegible] Smith; and the last mentioned comprehends two-thirds of the majority. Would to heaven the myriads of Smiths in the world had been diminished by one, [illegible] myself! for willing as the circumstances [illegible] the misfortune such as seldom falls to the lot of a young gentleman, engaged like myself in the quiet pursuits of literature. Willingly would I have bartered the diplomatical epithet for that of Praise-God-Barebones; and when have I mathematical the propriety who first adopted it. But as it may not be good policy for a writer, in an age of refinement, and on the threshold of a story, to incur the charge of vulgarity or obscurity, merely because [illegible] heaven no vulgar vituperative [illegible] given me without [illegible] at the baptismal [illegible] simply stated the grounds of my antipathy.

[illegible] sixteen, being thrown out of employment in a [illegible], I resolved to spend a portion of my time in making better preparation for [illegible] by learning the art of Book-keeping. The best teacher then in our [illegible] Old Testament. Supposing [illegible] to discharge their duties faithfully, there never was a more [illegible] of character. Mr. Timepiece possessed what may be still called a [illegible] affection for the mathematics and a supreme indifference for every other pursuit. Nothing indeed but necessity would have induced him to meddle with a branch of knowledge even so little removed from them as Book-keeping. Practically he worshipped as a divinity, and seldom swerved from its dictates. All men of this character have their favorite hobbies. Some are upon the point of getting the Longitude at sea; others have driven the square of the circle into a corner; and others again are just about nailing the latter and of an infinite series. I was curious to learn what "theoclem fabric" was busying the brain of my master; and the old creature soon gratified me, for he seemed to have taken a fancy to his new pupil.

One day, when I remained alone with him to borrow a little knightlate the mysteries of Double Entry, he stepped cautiously across the room, unlocked a remarkably nice jointed, beechwood box about twelve inches square, and returned to me with the same caution, bearing in his hand a shining circular contrivance not unlike in a pot-lid. "This," said he, "is a Sundial, wherein all the common imperfections of that instrument are rectified."

He then entered into an elaborate exposition of his own improvements, talked much about apogee and perigee, and concluded by requesting me not to drop a syllable of what he had unfolded.—"For," said he, "should one of my brethren get the slightest clue to the secret, he may rain the scheme I have in view, and blast in a moment the cherished hopes of twenty years. My plan is this. When I shall have realized money enough to defray the expense of such an undertaking, I shall embark for London and seek, at the court of St. James, that patronage in which our own country is so lamentably deficient." With becoming solemnity I promised not to betray his confidence.—His secret, lest he was probably aware of it, will go down with him to the grave.

When visits of Mr. Timepiece leave him confounded with a numerous class of men. His identity centered in his personal appearance, which seemed to be an exception to the general mutability of human things. His pantaloons were of dingy black broad-cloth; so was his coat; so was his waistcoat. The latter exhibited a prominent button of which looked like [illegible] of the throat, had deep pockets [illegible]. A felt hat, perfectly [illegible], seemed to cling with [illegible] to the back part of a sandy wig, which clung with equal energy to the burnished globe beneath. The [illegible], though uniformly [illegible], gave no other indication of outer being changed. As for the protruding calves and gaiters of our day, he would have sacrificed his sundial rather than adopt them. Not even the equinoctial gales could induce him to button his outer coat. Two pillars of white cotton hose, which seemed to grow wider as their contents gradually piled away, [illegible] in wonderful abscission, the seat of winter and the knee of summer. In walking, his body inclined forward at a given angle, he traversed the street in right lines, and turned all corners in mathematical curves. An enormous ivory-headed cane, that might have served for a leaping-pole, was the sole and never failing attendant of his perambulations, or, I should say rather, it constituted a part of himself. The unchangeableness of his apparel contributes him so closely to Dominie Sampson that I shall not dwell upon it longer, for fear of committing unintentional plagiarisms. Suffice it to say, therefore, that no one who had once seen Mr. Timepiece would hesitate to swear to his identity at any distance of time or place.

A month after my acquaintance with him as a master, my own prospects suddenly changed. A concurrence of fortunate circumstances putting it in my power to get an academical education, I gave up all thoughts of commerce and took, as I imagined, an eternal farewell of Old Timepiece, never to forget, and never to be forgotten by him.

A year from this period was spent in preparation for College, after which I was admitted to the flourishing Institution at Brunswick, in the State of Maine. The reader will perhaps be surprised to find me so little scrupulous about the names of persons and places: he is welcome to continue in his surprise. My name is John Smith: yet I defy all New-England to discover which John Smith is here intended. Moreover, any one of that name, has my free permission to claim this narrative, and much credit may it do him.

In the mean time let the reader imagine that three years more have elapsed; that he beholds John Smith a Senior of Bowdoin College, sitting in his room on a pleasant afternoon of the winter term, and poring over a lesson in Butler's Analogy. Such, precisely, was my situation, when some one knocked at the door of my room. I knew by the sound that it must be a stranger, for a student's rap is as peculiar as the countersign of a freemason; and although unwilling to be disturbed at the moment, I thought it best to say "come in." On turning round to look at my visitant, what was my surprise to see an aged man, dressed in a dingy suit of black broad cloth, with a felt hat, perfectly clean, and perfectly furless, stooping at a given angle, and bearing in his hand an enormous ivory-headed cane. It will readily be supposed that there was no mistaking him.

"How do you do Mr. Timepiece," I exclaimed, springing across the room and heartily shaking his hand, which returned my grasp with equal good will. "Why, Mr. Timepiece! this is quite an unexpected pleasure, I assure you—I really thought you were in London, negotiating a patent for your Sundial—but perhaps you have already been there, and succeeded in your application, of course—let me see; it is now four years since we met."

This soliloquy, which is continuous here, was interrupted at the time by considerable pauses.—But as my visitant continued smiling, and bowing, and cropping round with singular alertness and activity, yet without uttering a syllable, I went on talking, to relieve the embarrassment of an interview which threatened otherwise to be entirely pantomimic. "But, Mr. Timepiece, I ask your pardon—suffer me to take your hat and give you a seat." He declined the offer of a chair with an abundance of polite yet unnatural gesticulation, and the same gracious yet incomprehensible smile. Confounded at this equivocal proceeding, I set my wits to work to divine the cause. He has undoubtedly come upon no very acceptable errand. I must have forgotten to pay his bill for book-keeping; or else somebody has forestalled his eternal sundial, and he comes to accuse me of letting the cat out of the bag, when I have never had hold of the strings. By this time, vexation had got the upper hand of good breeding, and I was upon the point of telling him either to open his clamshells or quit the room, when I saw him shambling towards me in the same uncouth style, pointing down his throat with the fore-finger of one hand and fumbling in his pocket with the other. What! starving? thought I, egad, here comes an explanation in shape either of bill or beggary. He shall get as much for one as for the other. The poor wretch however, may have returned from London with "pockets to let," and don't like to say so excepting by proxy. These conjectures were speedily set to rest by the appearance of a College Catalogue, upon which he pointed out the name of Smith, and against it "Room No. 8," at the same time looking a note of interrogation into my face. "Yes," said I, "that is my name, and that is my number. No mistake here Mr. Timepiece, and I shall feel unutterably obliged to you, if you will sit down and unfold the object of your visit."

Here he shook his head by way of negation, yet with so good-natured a look that I began to pity him, begging him to throw off false delicacy, and speak out. At this exhortation, into which I threw all the eloquence of politeness, his mouth opened an inch wider; his smile was transformed into a suspicious grin, and he began to back out of the room! The truth now struck me like a clap of thunder—leaving its simplicity. I had been talking to a deaf and dumb man. But how he had got possession of the plan, costume, manners and ivory-headed cane of old Timepiece, was an unfathomable mystery. It must be, thought I, [illegible] has undergone this [illegible] Providence; yet why that [illegible] thought struck me. I caught up the [illegible] which was lying on the table [illegible] enigma was solved. Against the name of my class-mate and name-sake, Jonathan Smith, stood "No. 8, M. H." that is Maine Hall: whereas, against my own was "No. 8, S. C." or New College. It is surprising that my class-mate's name did not occur to me sooner; but with regard to his room, although I was perfectly familiar with its situation, and entered it almost every day, yet the number might have been painted over it till the end of time, without striking me the wiser. The knowledge of my own number, therefore, and ignorance of my class-mate's, blinded me to the distinction of our dormitories, and of the two buildings—an oversight natural enough for one provided as I was, and at the time, wholly unsuspicious of an error. I now concluded that the man was an unfortunate relative of my class-mate; that he had called at my room through ignorance of the place; been confounded at first by his familiar and loquacious reception, and finally satisfied that I was making a fool of him. Anxious to do away the last impression, I advanced towards him with this object in view; for it may be recollected that the train of thought here transcribed, occupied but an instant in passing through the mind. The method I took to persuade him that I now understood the state of things was not, certainly, the most expert; but had any [illegible] been placed in my perplexing situation, [illegible] would probably have acted in like manner. For I unconsciously accompanied the most lively and expressive gestures with a torrent of useless words. But it was too late. The dumb man discovering his own mistake immediately after entering the room, had produced the catalogue by way of explanation; and seeing me persevere in the same mode of treatment he naturally and firmly concluded that I was quizzing.—The only effect, therefore, of my best overtures was to fix him more firmly in this belief. He had now reached the door, and was groping for the latch behind his back; scraping, bowing, shaking his head and still persevering in his satanic grin. A predicament so essentially desperate, completely nettled me. Patience gave up the ghost. I told the dumb man to go to the d——l, flung myself into a chair, placed my feet over the fireplace and resumed the lesson in Butler; for it was four o'clock and we recited at five. The position I took left the door behind me; so that I could not see my visitant quit the room. But his exit was made known by a violent slam of the door, with a subsequent stamping and rattling of the cane which indicated no very conciliating feeling towards me. It had the effect however, to make me good humored again. Such a manifestation of rage, following such a profusion of smiles and graces, had too much of the ridiculous in it to be resisted. I burst into a loud and unrestrained fit of laughter, threw aside Butler and ran over, without a hat, to the room of my class-mate and name-sake, determined to get a thorough explanation. The celerity of the dumb man's motions was a fresh source of mirth: for he had scarcely had time to descend the stairs, yet I did not overtake him in the entry. Taking the front side of Maine Hall, I entered the Northwestern door and dashed into Smith's room—forgetting in my hurry the usual ceremony of knocking.—The room was vacant. Butler's Analogy lay open on the table.—Concluding that the occupant had stepped into a neighbor's apartment and would soon return, I sat down to finish the lesson. I was just winding up a sentence on a subject of our perceptive powers when the door opened, and I did not immediately turn to explain the reason of my intrusion. Delay is dangerous says the wise man. Before I got an opportunity to apologize for my ill manners, they were punished by a blow on the head with Butler far beyond the pale of memory, and doubled every object in the room. On looking round to see where the compliment came from, I beheld the counterpart of Old Timepiece, foaming with rage, his mouth bloody, and his ivory-headed cane in the act of a second descent upon my knowledge box. Content with the first, I dodged like a belaugered squirrel, darting through the door which had been providentially left open, and making for my own room with as little deviation as the state of my intellects permitted. A very consoling spectacle awaited me here. Nothing less than Jonathan Smith sitting at ease in my chair and studying my Butler. At this moment I could have subscribed conscientiously to the doctrine of the direct agency of Satan in human affairs.

"Out upon you!" cried I, "I have seen enough of your family to day. But how in the name of the black art came you here?"

"O! I called in to ask you whether or no a strange looking elderly gentleman, deaf and dumb, has been here to day!"

"Why—yes. I begin to have a feeble recollection of some such person. But what of him?"

"He was introduced to me this noon at the boarding-house, and promised to call upon me at half-past three this afternoon. I gave him a catalogue for his direction: but after waiting in vain till four, his non-appearance made me suspect he had mistaken the buildings; gone to your room and found the occupant absent. Or, perhaps you sent him packing. If so, I wish to get trace of him again for the sake of civility. He is from the Connecticut Asylum—has a talent for painting, and is travelling through the country taking portraits."

"Very probable. He was [illegible] taking mine: and I will do him the credit to say that he works with despatch. Don't flatter much, I imagine? But how long have you been here?"

"Not more than a minute or two."—

"And when did you leave your own room?"

"Ten minutes ago, perhaps. But you are very particular in your queries."

"Yes. But did it occupy you eight minutes to come round the colleges?"

"Not exactly; I stopped awhile in Bartlett's room."

"Did you meet no one on the way?"

"Not a soul."

"This is very extraordinary! By which door did you leave your building?"

"Why really, I can hardly recollect. Let me see though: yes; I took the North-eastern door. But let me know the point, the drift of this catechising before you proceed."

"Have patience my friend, [illegible] indebted to you for a moderate head-ache, and expect your forbearance while I pick for more information.—For instance, what have you been doing to the door of my quad-room? Have in the dutch boxes double, and did hatch in the middle of the room."

"I know nothing about it. It was just as when I came in."

"This is satisfactory. But you must not stay here longer. Run directly to your own room; I will see you again shortly. The dumb man is already there, and you may tell him I wish he had the gaby too."

The foregoing conversation cleared up the whole mystery to my mind; but others may require a more minute explanation. Should the reader ever pass through the snug little village of Brunswick, I will thank him to call at No. 8 New College, and cast his eyes round the apartments. He will then perceive that the door of the wood-closet and that of the room are nearly contiguous. He will see further, that the former has a latch upon the outside, without any communication from within, so that the closet itself forms a perfect box trap. Into this "black hole" had the dumb man backed, while he was making his unnoticed bows; and it was a mistake that I believe the reader himself would commit, should he happen to forget this caution; for I never saw a stranger attempt to leave one of these rooms without first opening the wrong door. A person in his right senses and a proper position would, indeed, soon rectify the error. But my dumb friend's intellects had not been sharpened by the occurrences of the afternoon; and he had closed the door upon himself, with all the vehemence of passion. The stamping and rattling, which caused me to laugh so immoderately, was occasioned by his stumbling over the loose wood lying about the closet floor. In this manner also he probably received the bruise in his mouth which I had just seen stained with blood; or it was done in forcing the door. Whether his senses could make him aware of my boisterous mirth, and immediate retreat from the room, I never ascertained. But his indignation at meeting me again at No. 8 Maine Hall, sitting at my ease with all the dignity of a proprietor, and all the coolness of one who had never seen him—is readily accounted for, and seems to justify his summary mode of revenge.

In the course of the evening, friend Smith, called upon me for a solution. I gave him the foregoing particulars at which he laughed heartily; advising me to publish the story and call it the Comedy of Errors. "But," said I, "recollect my broken head." "True," he retorted, "then it shall be the Tragedy of Errors." "So it shall," I replied, "if it is ever printed." With regard to the wonderful similarity of appearance which had so completely deceived me, my friend thought it need not be so strong as I imagined; observing that, as I had not seen Old Timepiece for several years, a partial resemblance was enough to occasion the mistake. But this point I should never concede. The picture of Mr. Timepiece had made a distinct and indelible impression upon me. I prefer, therefore, to consider the Phenomenon as a species of miracle and ascribe it to one of nature's freaks. In return for what I had communicated, Smith gave me a further account of his dumb friend; stating that he left the asylum in Connecticut with a view to practice his art, upon which he chiefly relied for a subsistence. His success, I believe fully answered his expectations. He has left several specimens of his skill in Brunswick and the neighboring villages, which [illegible] seen to this day. Should he ever take a correct likeness of himself, I shall endeavor to purchase and present it to his mathematical counterpart, who will thus have his own portrait without the trouble of sitting for it.

A day or two after the adventure here related, a reconciliation and better acquaintance took place between us through the mediation of my class-mate; when I embraced the opportunity to sound his feelings on the subject of our first rencontre. The result was a further elucidation.—After emerging from the closet, "vi et armis," he proceeded to execute his intention of calling upon my class-mate, in whose dominions he found me, and avenged himself as before described. It was during the interval of his departure and my return, that Jonathan Smith had quitted Bartlett's room, to exercise in mine, the same liberties I had taken with his. One unlucky suspicion still remains in my dumb friend's bosom in relation to the closet-scene. He admitted my innocence in every thing else, but never seemed to be satisfied that I was ignorant at the time, of his entrapment.

Our conferences were made at first in writing: but subsequently he taught me the pantomimic alphabet in the use of which I became quite expert. This is formed partly by the fingers, and partly by throwing about the arms and holding them in different positions.

In travelling about the country, the poor man introduced himself by means of letters, explaining his condition and business to an artist.

The degree of culture which a [illegible] by nature may receive from education; the enjoyments thus brought within its reach, and the field of utility thus spread before it, are considerations honorable to a country which supports more than one of the noblest institutions ever yet devised. The [illegible] sanctity attached to [illegible]. We cannot but regard their objects as [illegible], yet as acceptable and glorious [illegible] wrought by Divine power [illegible] philanthropy.

The speechless artist remained in Brunswick several weeks, at the end of which time I had become an intimate acquaintance. On taking leave he informed me that he should [illegible] Boston. I replied that our [illegible] May, when I also should be [illegible] pected the pleasure of [illegible] the trunk, had little expected [illegible] thing, and doubt much whether [illegible] troubled myself to find him.

On a pleasant day of the May [illegible], as I was strolling leisurely [illegible] Street, whom should I see [illegible] but mine ancient friend of the [illegible] ceived me at a distance and [illegible] cognition. Still it was doubtful [illegible] expectation [illegible] to suspect, and [illegible] one of a renewal of it. But [illegible] avoid an interview, for he had [illegible] within [illegible] of me. I [illegible] disturbed my [illegible], and was [illegible] fortune, how he did, when a [illegible] the ivory-headed cane [illegible] —Merciful Heaven!—I had [illegible] before Old Timepiece, who had [illegible] his pupil not the authority of a [illegible]

GALAXY AND MERCURY.

"The following beautiful poem, is a [illegible] from the pen of James William [illegible] poet of great promise, who, as [illegible] already been informed, [illegible] the public prints, died a [illegible] West Indies. He was [illegible] Boston Literary Gazette [illegible] merit, which was [illegible] by the public in this [illegible] quently united with [illegible]

There are [illegible] through the [illegible] thrown [illegible] which if [illegible] once on [illegible] ing moment [illegible] dead poet.

THE [illegible]

"There was [illegible] [illegible]

He was in [illegible]
In the [illegible]
Beneath the [illegible]
The palm of [illegible]
For noble [illegible]
Unseen [illegible]

They [illegible]
And young death [illegible]
And [illegible]
Smil'd to death [illegible]
But there was One [illegible]
Rested, as on his [illegible]

Around each happy home [illegible]
Were nestling children [illegible]
And little blossoms [illegible]
Glow'd by the [illegible] light;
Yet there was one [illegible]
Meditation in the [illegible] of Death

All other eyes were fixed,
And searching look to look;
And he in them gay thoughts might [illegible]
As in a [illegible] book:
But in that veiled Mystery
Were shrouded things not meet for [illegible]

Stirs fixed up and [illegible]
Thrilled and cymbal's clang,
Soft lute and gittern [illegible]
The fixed [illegible]
Yet from that Form [illegible]
He turned [illegible]

Nor voice nor music broke
The fearful silence there;
Sights, sounds, that mirth and joy awoke,
Went by as silent air:
He saw, no eye, he heard, [illegible]

[illegible]
Stern patient [illegible]
All pensive [illegible]
But [illegible]
Yet [illegible]
As [illegible]

For bill the Form [illegible]
And he grasp [illegible]
Yet [illegible]
Gloom'd on his [illegible]
He view'd [illegible]
And Reason'd, [illegible]

"Now speak [illegible]
Speak to [illegible]
As from [illegible]
[illegible]

He rose: the [illegible]
Shook to the [illegible]
The [illegible]
Within the [illegible]
[illegible] shall thee—I will know
What [illegible] that dost chill me so."

Flash'd up the flame, and shone
With one expiring ray:
The white brow of the [illegible]
Glow'd on him where he lay:
And he both bless'd the death, that o'er
That formless Form it veil'd once more.

He! Epicurean,
Where now thy boasted mirth?
Proud reveller! art thou this wast
Child of thy mother earth?
And has thou come, at last, to see
What treasure mirth and pride must be?

The morning sun stream'd bright
Through vaulted [illegible],
And flung in [illegible] elegant'd light,
On temple dome and shrine:
Then rose'd the Epicurean
Back to his home, a wiser man.

The Art of Bankruptcy. The Philadelphia Aurora contains a whimsical notice sent by a "farmer" with two dry goods merchants, which is an excellent illustration of the effects of too much zeal in giving minute directions to those who are to execute our commissions. "[illegible] your phraseology [illegible] the check, but it has full [illegible] to be for a large number, they [illegible] a large one and a [illegible] fear, I should not be [illegible] that if you have [illegible] to be [illegible] to [illegible] —I beg [illegible]

"P. S. I hope you will change your lawyer

price, and if you please not to send a silk [illegible] cloth, full yard long and full, and please to [illegible] it to Mr. ——'s stage office. pray don't send me a silk one, but plaid, I have altered my mind, I should not like it silk, but plaid, let it be full yard long and plaid, and not more than twelve dollars at most, and one of the cheapest you have and full yard long, send two, both of a length, and [illegible] price, they be both for one woman, they must be [illegible] alike for goodness and price, fall them not [illegible] yard long.

"N. B. If the newest fashion be longer than a yard, send them longer, but let them be full, [illegible] two, let one be silk and the other [illegible] length, and at the lowest price, both of [illegible] and full."

[illegible]LAND GALAXY.

[illegible]

[illegible]BER 4, 183[illegible]

[illegible] King of Sweden. [illegible]

[illegible] was thus placed in a very awkward position, [illegible] the appearance of having come to Sweden [illegible] to execute the orders of the emperor. To remove [illegible] impression, as far as he could, he abstained [illegible] taking part in the deliberations of the council. [illegible] the pressure imposed by the emperor to the [illegible] of Sweden, compliance was inevitable, and war [illegible] declared. Bernadotte, in consequence of [illegible] means to prosecute the war, a[illegible] Napoleon, in which he frankly exposed [illegible] condition of the country, and solicited the assistance which was indispensable for the execution of his wishes. No answer was vouchsafed; but instead thereof, demands were made on the Swedish government for 4,000 seamen to serve in the French fleet at Brest, and a concurrence in a confederation with Denmark and the Duchy of Warsaw, both of which, however, were declined. The [illegible] of Alquier becoming intolerable, Bernadotte demanded his recall, and he was accordingly [illegible] by another, who was not a whit less [illegible] and was finally dismissed. In the [illegible] the year 1811, the hostility of the French Court was shown by the systematic injustice of the officers presiding over the prize-courts—more than fifty Swedish vessels being condemned and no redress being [illegible]. Finding remonstrance in vain, the Swedish government [illegible] the defence of their commerce [illegible] own hands, and in December seized a French privateer. A [illegible] of the circumstance [illegible] and again no written notice was [illegible].

In January [illegible] any ceremony or previous [illegible] marched into Pomerania and [illegible] explanation was demanded in vain—[illegible] silence—till at last M. Signeul [illegible] explanations, or [illegible] but fresh orders for a declaration of war against England, and offensive measures against the English shipping in the Cattegat and Baltic, and moreover, a levy of 40,000 men to operate against Russia. But Signeul [illegible]. Indignant at the treatment he had received, Bernadotte had appealed to Russia, and a treaty between the two governments had actually been signed—in which Russia engaged to unite Norway and guarantee the peaceable possession of it to Sweden.

In July friendly relations with England were renewed. Till the ensuing February, however, the Swedish ambassador resided at Paris, urging an explanation on the subject of the occupation of Pomerania. At last, when he had demanded his passports, in order to return home, he received a note alleging the seizure of the French privateer as the cause, though it was notorious that indications of the intentions of France had been manifested months before the seizure. To this communication Bernadotte wrote a reply which amounted to a renunciation of all further intercourse and a declaration of war. This letter is filled with reflections and allusions that must have been gall and wormwood to the emperor. It indignantly abandons all further attempts at conciliating his friendship, and refers him for peace to Russia and England.

For two years Bernadotte had been actively engaged in organizing his army, which amounted to 60,000 men; and in May 1813, he crossed over to Stralsund with his troops to wait the arrival of the Russians. He afterwards took the field at the head of 90,000 Swedes, Russians and Prussians, and the active part he took in the campaign of 1813 is well known.

The activity and wisdom of this man are truly worthy of admiration. He has been the re-creator of Sweden. [illegible] commerce extends, her population multiplies, and her agriculture [illegible]. They grow all their own corn [illegible] the country, [illegible] the country entirely independent of the foreign [illegible].

[illegible] Mrs. S. C. Hall has [illegible] published [illegible]. There is [illegible] "Lilly O'Brien," a portion of which we should be glad [illegible] to [illegible] from [illegible] which we would [illegible] make room, without injuring the effect of the [illegible] narrative. We have marked a part of "Peter the Prophet," to be copied into the paper, not because it is a fair specimen of Mrs. Hall's powers in writing, but because we find a place for that, and for nothing else in the volume.

[illegible] that day's attraction, two people were walking, or rather strolling, of very different appearance to Paddy and Peter—Peter and Paddy I ought to say—a lovely, lovely girl with roguish hazel eyes, not the [illegible] of that bewitching color, but a round brilliant [illegible] now twinkling, now dancing, now half shut, [illegible] quietly stealing under its pent-house lid to "the far corner;" and peeping slyly about for fun or mischief—the nose of this little personage was, moreover, retroussé—an unerring token of much spirit and, if vexed, not a little spite. But it was the glittering fairness of this fairy creature which, united to the pure glow of health and cheerfulness, completed her fascination, and made Alice Mulvany the most perfect bit of Nature's coloring I ever had the good fortune to behold. Her companion, Corry Howlan, could not have been mistaken as belonging to any country, principality, or power, but the green little island—how often have I been both amused and mortified at hearing my English friends exclaim, whenever a particularly miserable, dirty, round-faced, stupid person, met their view, "Oh, how like an Irishman!" "quite impossible to mistake that creature for any thing but an Irishman;" trust me those know little of our peasantry who judge of them from bricklayers' labourers, superannuated watchmen, and Covent-garden basket women. Corry Howlan was a good specimen of our small farmers—and I will sketch him for your amusement, gentle reader, as he loitered down that green lane with his merry companion—height, six feet one or two—an air of easy confidence, and every limb well proportioned—face, oval—teeth, white and even—nose, undefined as to aquiline, Grecian, snub, or Roman, but, nevertheless, highly respectable; eyes, large, *bien fendus*, and expressive; brow, open, shaded with rich curling brown hair—the dress, as usual on holiday occasions—red waistcoat, blue coat, knee breeches, white stockings, neat black Spanish leather shoes—shirt collar thrown back a-la-Byron, loosely confined at the base by a green silk neckerchief—a "bran new beaver," placed on one side of the head in a knowing position, and a stick, not dignified enough to be designated as "shelalah," nor slight enough to be called "a [illegible]k." There are many likenesses which, though correct as to shape and feature, fail in expression, and so it is in the present instance. I cannot paint the affectionate feelings portrayed in the young man's face, when his eyes rested on the careless, thoughtless girl, who tripped at his side, as giddy as the gay butterfly that wavered from the perfumed meadow-sweet to the beautiful but scentless convolvulus, whose long twirling stems were supported on either side their path by black thorn or [illegible]. One of the most beautiful features in an Irish landscape is the quantity of small singing birds which animate every bush and bank; and, as they passed along, the young folk disturbed either the soaring lark, the merry stone-chatter, the gay goldfinch, the tiny wren, the linnet bunting, yellow hammer; as they approached the thicker coverts, a jetty black bird, or timid partridge, would rustle for a moment amid the leaves, and then dart across their path swift as an arrow.

"The poor harmless birdeens," said Corry, "Alice, do you know, I never could hurt one of thim small things."

"Well nor I, Corry," replied the little lass, "particularly the robin-red-breast, that has got, you know, the blessed Virgin's own blood upon it—for when the Savior was crucified the poor bird was heart sorry, and away it flew round the cross, and over the cross, lamenting all the time, and [illegible] Jew-man pierced his holy side, some of the [illegible] on the crater's breast, and thin it never stopped until it [illegible] in the holy Virgin's bosom; and, to be sure, she knew the blood and the faithfulness of the cratur, and she blessed it, and settled [illegible] that every red-breast has the mark of the blessed blood to this very day."

"You've a good memory, Ally, I hope you'll think of every thing as clear as that; and, above all, not forget what you [illegible] lead me last night at ye'r father's door, and I leaning against the post."

"I'm sure Corry, I've not the laste thought of any thing—was it about Paddy Clarey's [illegible] mare that broke into uncle's clover field?" and Alice stooped to gather a [illegible] some cuckoo-bells, and crawling "Robin run-the-hedge."

"Ye'r the devil's teaser, Ally, darling, ye haven't y'er little cocked-up nose for nothing."

"Well, if I'm the devil's teaser, you own yourself the devil; and as to my nose, there are plenty to admire it, without you."

"Sure it's I that do admire it, and what's more love it, and it's owner; but Alice, last night, don't you remember, whin the moonbeams fell on your sweet face, and whin ye turned away, even from that weak light to hide ye'r blushes, that ye did not need to account that ye'r too handsome, even without them? And whin I held ye'r hand, and did what I'm sartin no man living would dare to do but myself, kissed it; with warm love, and yet with as much respect as if it had been a queen's. Do you remember, oh, I know you do, that whin not only I, but ye'r uncle begged ye to fix the day; ye whispered—oh! it was so low, so sweet, sweeter Alice than ever I hard even your own sweet voice before; 'to-morrow I will tell;' that, that was all you said; that sweet 'to-morrow.' Alice, I have thought on it ever since. You will not disappoint me.—We can't fail to be happy, and all so smiling. Ye'r father who loves me next to his own. My mother, who dotes upon ye, how could she help it? A neat farm, and this morning I've been after a milch-white cow, for the sake of the luck; such a one isn't in the whole Bar'ny; and I've bought it too; and we'll look at it this evening, after the bit o' dance at the Quay. I didn't mane to tell ye yet, but somehow I can't keep any thing from ye, that would give ye satisfaction. And now darlint! Ally, my own Ally, the day, the day." The young man took the maiden's hand within his, and was about to press it to his lips; when, instigated by a sudden fit of caprice, she jerked it from him, and averting her head, to hide the self-satisfied smile which played over her countenance, replied,

"You need not make so free, Sir, I said that just to please uncle. I can do no such thing, and I hate white cows."

Corry had been long enough a lover to have suffered from these little whimsical tricks, which poor as well as rich Misses practise for their own amusement, and their lover's mortification.

I must confess, I enjoy exceedingly the discomfiture the lords of the creation experience upon such occasions.—They twist and writhe [illegible] under their sufferings, [illegible] of their skins. Anxious to show off [illegible] yet fearing to offend the slippery [illegible] would not lose the [illegible]. Then, after marriage, [illegible] to show off; [illegible] "word of advice, to put his foot [illegible] to the grinding-stone, support the dignity of his sex, keep his own secrets."—And the bride has her [illegible] friends;" old maidens [illegible] and beg their "dear niece to have a [illegible] way of her own, and be mistress in her own house." [illegible] and the "I will," and [illegible] "I shan't," "Sir," "Madam," [illegible] had never been married."

[illegible] no harm in the world [illegible] is intended to, it gives [illegible] and where there is much and [illegible]

[illegible] Alice was right in saying "she hated white cows" [illegible] was a decided story. No Irish [illegible] a white cow; the thing is [illegible] "I'm perfectly certain [illegible] the white cow, that I bought to [illegible] ye see her, I know ye'll admire her, [illegible]"

"[illegible] troubled yo'rself to buy the cow, Mr. Corry, for [illegible] she may [illegible] forever [illegible] her," [illegible]ed Alice.

"Ye'r not going to be jilty like yo'r promise, and ye'r uncle to the fore, Alice," said Corry, who loved her too well to have the wedding jangled about.

"I gave no promise to be bothered wid ye, and, whether or no, I'll change my mind if I like, myself."

"Is that the pattern of ye'r honor, Miss Alice Mulvany?" inquired the young man [illegible].

"Mind ye'r own business, if ye plase, Mr. Cornelius Howlan, and I'll mind mine. [illegible] bothered him fairly," she muttered to herself, "I know I'd get a rise out of him."

"May-be Miss Alice ye'd rather have my room nor my company?"

"There's no manner o' doubt of it."

"May be, Miss Mulvany, ye'd wish me to take my leave?"

"Ye have the leave so now take ye'rself off," she replied, very sharply.

The young man looked earnestly in her face, and said, in his usual affectionate tone, "Dear Alice, let us be friends—dear Alice—you can't, can't really mean to quarrel with your Corry—dear?"

"Don't dear Alice me, Sir, after that fashion I don't dare to dear Alice me: what do you mean? after calling me jilty, and all manner o' names, to be coming 'dear Alice' over me:—no, Sir, and I tell ye my mind, Mister Cornelius Howlan, I hate you as well as the white cow, and I won't dance a step with ye, nor spake a word more to ye, this blessed day—Amen! and if [illegible] my advice ye'll be off with ye'rself."

Alice, after this pretty piece of [illegible], tossed her little head, pressed her lips firmly together, and walked sturdily towards the main road. Corry did all he could to make her laugh, or speak—but no; she was as obstinate as a mule. He gathered wild flowers and stuck them in her hat—she flung them from her: he told his drollest stories, he reasoned with her, then, in his fine rich voice he sung her favorite airs—and the only wonder is, that she managed to hold her tongue so long. She afterward confessed it was sore at the tip from inaction. At last, quite wearied by her stubbornness, Corry said, as they drew near the New Quay, "Now look, Alice, I'll not tease ye with spaking any more, the day —— but may be, before night comes, you'll be sorry for this fit of the dumps."

What a cheerful noisy assemblage—a pattern! a pattern was nothing to it; there was clear sea, and the small waves running little races on the firm strand: the two brigs, the largest ever seen close to the shore in that part of the world, drawn up to the Quay, which was crowded by the gentry and bettermost farmers' wives and daughters, with the piper at one end and the fiddler at the other, both playing the same tune, of which little could be heard for the shouting, the laughing, and chattering; then the windows of the Sea [illegible] all open, and such of the ladies as did not like to [illegible] the heat of the sun, [illegible] even as it was [illegible] refreshing sea-breeze, were seated on high, enjoying the noise and bustle; while the large rooms beneath sent forth such clouds of savoury perfumes, as told of roast and boiled, pickled and preserved, besides spicery and cakes, that would do honor to an aldermanic assembly. Then the machines employed to convey the company invited from various parts of the country, one or two carriages of ancient days, some few gigs, jaunting cars, under all their classifications, the double, the inside, the outside; then the "common car made comfortable," for the more homely, first filled with straw, then a feather bed, covered with that destroyer of time, calico, and taste, a patch quilt. I have seen five dames, strange as it may seem, in such a conveyance; two seated near the horse's tail, partly on the shafts of the car, two in the middle of the feather bed (no bad seat that), and one cross-ways at the bottom; this unfortunate is always obliged to hold fast with both hands, for a sudden jerk would inevitably dislodge the [illegible].

The sailors, mixed with the rustic groupes congregated under several awnings that stretched along the strand, and enjoyed the eagerness shown by the untravelled peasantry to inspect the wonders of their barque which were cleaned and trimmed gayly out for the purpose of exhibition. The most interesting of all the sights, however, was a black cabin boy: scarcely any one, in Bannow, had ever seen a negro, and the poor little fellow was subjected to all manner of inspection; the old women were for washing and scraping him, to see if he could be brought to "a decent color;" the young ones appeared terrified, and Peter the Prophet, after much critical examination, declared that "no good could come of bringing such outlandish things among Christians."

"Ally, my dear," said Paddy Mulvany to his niece, "what ails ye, that ye look so solid? come, you and Corry [illegible] of the gentry."

"I'll not dance a step this night, uncle, with Corry!" she replied, heartily sick of her resolve, yet, like most women, mistaking obstinacy for firmness: "I won't do it, because I said I wouldn't; and, for the matter o' that, he doesn' want me to—he's been flirting away this half-hour with Ellen Macclesworth."

"He's been doing no such thing, my dear, I've been watching ye both, you won't spake to him, and yet ye expect him to sit at ye'r elbow, putting up with ye'r scoulding—for what? I'll go bail ye don't know ye'rself. It's well, pretty Alice, I'm not ye'r husband, I'd leave ye to get rid of ye'r humors as ye could, my jewel."

So saying, Paddy Mulvany turned on his heels—tears filled the fine eyes of Alice, but she remained obstinate as ever—and, when Corry danced with Ellen, really believed herself a much injured, insulted little maiden.

"I don't care," said she to herself—"I'll not sit quiet to please him—I'll jig it with the very next boy that axes me." And so she did; and the next boy that asked her was no other than handsome Horatio Laverton, the mate of the Timber Vessel, and Corry had the mortification of seeing that Alice danced to perfection, and of hearing such expressions of approbation from the surrounding company, as—"Elegantly danced"—"Success"—"Well, in all my time I niver saw so sweet a couple on the flure." "Corry, ye'r bate out by the English boy, clane bate, and at the jig too." "Hurra! there's a fling; well, that is dancing." Then Alice figured in a three handed reel, with the mate and her rival Ellen, and, certainly, she there had the advantage; for Ellen was pronounced as "not fit to hould a candle to her." Yet, as the evening waned on, Alice's bad spirits increased, and even the attentions of the handsome Horatio Laverton failed to reconcile her to the reproaches of that little, silent, yet powerful monitor within her own bosom. As the moon rose slowly over the waters, she remembered that she had been more happy at her uncle's door, with no eye upon her but her lover's, than she was at that moment, walking up and down the pier, with an almost stranger, and listening to so much praise, that she began to doubt she could deserve it; still she remained obstinate.

"We will make friends to-morrow," said she to herself, as she stood leaning on handsome Horatio Laverton's arm, looking towards the little island of Bannow, Corry and [illegible] on the pier. She saw, in a moment, that her lover had taken too much whiskey punch, and this reminded her that he had broken a promise he made her the preceding evening. She forgot how she had acted herself; and, when Corry good humoredly spoke to her, turned away, cocked up her little nose, and replied not.

"I am glad to find, Alice, that you like the smell of tar better than that of whiskey." This remark was only noticed by the little nose mounting still higher, but the sailor immediately replied—

"Louppoo, Mister Irishman, the young lady may [illegible] what she chooses." Corry's [illegible] hot, hasty, and rapid, was nothing loath to encounter. Paddy Mulvany interfered immediately.

"Mister mate, that young lady, as you are so civil as to call her, is my niece, and, moreover, engaged to that young man; some tiff came betwixt them [illegible] but it'll blow off, only I'm sorry my sister's child [illegible] not so flirty a part. Come, you two shake hands, sure we ought all to be glad of the strangers who will bring, not only plenty, but peace to our strand." The young men shook hands, and Paddy Mulvany placed his niece's arm within his, and whispered that it was time to go home.

"What do you think of pier and harbor?" inquired Corry of the mate.

"It's nicely suited for trade," replied the sailor, [illegible] island [illegible] it from the sea-[illegible] wind. I'll try and swim to that bit to-morrow anyhow, though, if I can do it, I suppose I'm the only one in the country could; it's a long stretch."

"It's a good swim for any [illegible] but I'll do it as easy as lift my hand, clothes and all, this minute, with all the [illegible] in life."

"Well that's good, faith, now do you expect me to believe that? Why I'd bet a gallon of stiff grog, ye'd founder before ye'd go half way."

"Done."

"Done."

"Done and done," [illegible] as two at any [illegible] and so both gone, clothes and all, [illegible] coat and shoes.

"What are ye after, Corry," inquired Paddy Mulvany, seeing him taking off his coat.

"[illegible] the honor of ould Ireland; I'm no fresh water-cat, to fear a ducking in the [illegible] here."

Whenever a true born Patlander meditates a daring exploit, it is for the honor of "Ould Ireland," and many of Corry's friends, [illegible] of the circumstances, cheered him to the undertaking. Paddy expostulated, but the voice of the thoughtless is always loud; his reasoning was not heard.

"What, strike a bet to an Englishman! a bet mustn't be broken."

"But I say it must and shall," said Paddy, "he's not in a fit state to swim: put on your coat, Corry, here's Ally will ax you not to go."

"Will she," exclaimed Corry, "if she does I'll give it up, pay the grog [illegible] that's more nor I'd do for any man, woman, or child [illegible] herself."

"Alice," said her uncle, in an under tone, "Alice for the love of God ax him not to go; as sure as ye'r alive some harm 'ill happen to him."

"I don't care," replied the sulky beauty.

Corry heard the words: "You don't care, Alice, now [illegible] in earnest!" and he sprung off the pier into the ocean. Alice flew to the spot, and ejaculated "dear Corry," but it was too late. "I know the tide would be over strong," exclaimed Mulvany, "and so much whiskey."

"By George!" he's doing it nobly," said the Englishman.

"Ould Ireland forever!" shouted the peasants. Paddy knew well that the attempt was highly dangerous; he had often seen Cornelius swim, and perceived the difference now. Without uttering a sentence he jumped from the pier to the deck of the nearest vessel; then dropped into a little boat that was alongside, which was quickly unmoored, and, seizing the oars, tacked after his young friend; this was the work of a moment, and one of the English sailors observed—

"I say—who'd ha' thought that you fresh water chap would have slipped that craft off so nimbly."

It was one of the clearest evenings that ever beamed out of the heavens; the moon had risen up an unclouded sky; the waters reflected the "night's fair queen," and the little twinkling stars in its clear blue bosom. The island might be somewhat more than an Irish mile from the pier; and the efforts Corry made to gain it were distinctly visible, but the eddy near the distant shore was very strong. As there were many jutty crags that interrupted the even flowing of the tide, Paddy Mulvany did not follow in the exact track, but kept to the right of Corry.—Alice stood on the pier in breathless anxiety; and that feeling was increased to one of indescribable agony, when she heard the mate exclaim—"Good God!—sure it can't be—yes—the current—he's struggling—as I hope to be saved! he's gone down." The crowd now pressed forward to the end of the pier. Steadily did Mulvany try to tack his boat so as to gain the drowning man; but unfortunately she stuck upon a sand-bank, and there was no time to disengage her; he therefore [illegible] and plunged into the sea. By this time Corry had risen; but before his friend reached him he had again disappeared. One loud long shriek of agony drew the attention of the spectators for a moment to the land. It was Corry's aged—widowed mother. She rushed frantically along the Quay, exclaiming, "My boy!—my boy!—my blessed boy!" It was with difficulty she was restrained from casting herself into the waters; her eye fixed on Alice; and she said, in a tone between bitterness and love, "Ally! Ally! why did ye let him go? sure I knew if you had gainsayed him, he'd a' seen dead, [illegible] done any thing to hurt you."

Mulvany had watched the moment for Corry's rising, and "treading the water," while he seized him by the collar, so as to prevent the possibility of grappling. [illegible] of the exertion he expected, he was much [illegible] to find the poor fellow apparently [illegible] and when he placed him in the boat no symptom of vitality [illegible] was manifested. A loud shout from the shore told plainly how sincerely the people rejoiced in the success of Mulvany's exertions. Alice and Corry's mother rushed into each other's arms; trembling, they awaited the arrival of the boat; but it is quite impossible to describe with [illegible] when the wet and senseless form of the beloved of their hearts was laid on the strand.

One in the crowd tried to soothe the wild grief of Alice, "Aisy, aisy, dear, sure 'tis God's will!" She turned towards the man who had spoken and pointed to the body, then, with the action of frenzy, shook the pale hand, shrieking, "Corry! oh, Corry, dear! why won't ye wake, oh! wake, wake, 'tis I that ax it;" and [illegible] fell senseless on the [illegible]. The mother [illegible] the chill damp from her son's forehead; her sorrow "was too deep for tears." "I tell ye, Alice, he's dead!" she muttered, when the girl's lament broke upon her ear, "he will never wake again!" she bent over him, while her hand rested on his ashy brow, and muttered, unconscious of the presence of strangers—"You were a good son, agra! the green plant of the desert. How like his father he is now, while I saw him last, jist before they put him in the could grave, in the morning of his days—dead—dead—"

"My good woman," said the Captain of the vessel, pushing through the crowd, "it is impossible that such a strong fine fellow as that could be drowned in so short a time by a mere mouthful of salt water! come, my hearties! lend a hand and haul him aboard; there's hot water, stoves, and every convenience—and it won't be the first time we brought a lad to life after a ducking." The old woman looked earnestly in his face, and clasping her hands, faintly articulated, "life! to life! God's blessing! life! life!"—and accompanied the kind-hearted Englishman, who assisted himself in the removal.

Ramon, the Pirate of Cuba. The author of this ingenious little romance might have kept his secret to himself with perfect ease, but for his excessive and suspicious anxiety to mislead the judgment of his readers, and his extraordinary efforts in exercising the *ars celare artem*. His note about the "Neck-to-Cut" schooner laden with onions, tin pots and wooden-nutmegs,—in which note he very gravely avers that he knows of no such port as "Neck-to-Cut,"—has completely baffled his design, and clearly revealed what otherwise might not have been discovered—that the whole affair is merely "*Jenny's sketch*." However fiction though it be, the work is no more of an untruth than Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, which delightful book the history of Ramon resembles in more than one particular.

The translator, as he chooses to style himself, describes the impression made upon his mind, by the appearance of a remarkable individual at Havana, whom he had seen at many public places, but about whose history there seemed to be a great deal of mystery. Curiosity induces our author to stroll one evening into a magnificent church, where he unexpectedly finds the person who had [illegible] engrossed so much of his thoughts, just rising with devout and humble air from confession. Absorbed in solemn contemplation he passes down the long aisle, and unconsciously drops a roll of papers, which our inquisitive gentleman eagerly seizes, and discovers to be the journal of the life of Ramon, a [illegible] pirate, whose [illegible] had for a year or more infested the West India seas, and whose [illegible] deeds of [illegible] as many widows and orphans [illegible].

In this diary are recorded the [illegible] course of life that Ramon [illegible] been prompted by [illegible]. The incidents of a [illegible] with vessels of every [illegible] attended with great [illegible] the [illegible] of having [illegible] very simple language.

We have selected a passage in which [illegible] of the author's style are [illegible].

Yesterday, being rather tired of [illegible] of my people, I [illegible] down to the sea-side, [illegible] finding a fishing boat, [illegible] to take me out to a [illegible] few miles from the [illegible]. As the sun was [illegible] we had a [illegible] the island, [illegible] to explore it. For [illegible] though it was [illegible] I had never [illegible] upon it before.

As we approached the high rock [illegible] we heard the voice of some one singing, on the opposite side of the rock. There was no vessel in sight. We [illegible]

* A [illegible] island.

[illegible] and uninhabited. [illegible] and it was not [illegible] a mile [illegible] rocks and sand. We [illegible] the rock and listened. The song was in the English language, and seemed to be [illegible] seafaring fellow's account of his adventures. I can recollect but one verse. It was thus:—

"And there we saw a [illegible]
As big as a [illegible]
[illegible]
A [illegible]
"Yankee Doodle [illegible]
"Yankee Doodle [illegible]

When he was tired of singing, [illegible] we might judge by the [illegible] which made the rocks [illegible].

My curiosity became [illegible] to the top of the rock, and [illegible] side. Sheltered from the [illegible] seated on a piece of drift wood [illegible] a fair specimen of the Yankee [illegible] His face [illegible] one of our landing.

As [illegible] prudence in [illegible] from my [illegible] round the cliff. As soon as he saw us [illegible] jumped up and came forward [illegible] meet us. I was foremost and [illegible] which was rather of the [illegible].

"How d'ye do? How are ye. I [illegible] you," said he, holding out his hand to me [illegible] upon my own quarter deck, I [illegible] well met, if it were only for the sake of [illegible] by studying the fellow's character, I [illegible] hands with him, [illegible] he had come upon the island.

"How did I come here," said he, "why, how did you come here, yourself?"

I thought this an odd way of answering a civil question, but replied that I came from the land in my boat on the opposite side of the cliff.

"Got a boat here, have ye?" said he, "Oh! well, then, Mister—what may I call your name, Sir?"

"O'Reilly," replied I, it being always a rule of mine to take a [illegible] name, when [illegible].

"Well, Mr. Riley," said he, "why can't you just take me and my things ashore there, on the main land; [illegible] like staying here on this little island [illegible]."

"Things! why I don't see [illegible] and so far going to the main land, [illegible] doing you no kindness, for you [illegible] here."

"Oh! as for [illegible], I calculate I [illegible] I'll pay ye what [illegible]"

[illegible]

In addition to these, there was a [illegible] beautiful shells [illegible] West India [illegible] and several bits of coral, [illegible]

Knowing there is [illegible] I wished to be [illegible] myself, I [illegible] giving an [illegible]

"These are very pretty [illegible]" said I, [illegible]

"I should like to [illegible]"

"I can't let you have any of them [illegible]"

[illegible]

It was curious to [illegible] a fellow in such [illegible] driving a bargain for his life. [illegible] ed to try my old trade of a [illegible]

"[illegible] have asked [illegible]"

"Oh! they [illegible] Riley, [illegible] you about the [illegible] French and Spanish [illegible] could talk English [illegible] What would [illegible]"

It is perhaps rather a bold [illegible] I am fond of [illegible]

Opinions of English Travellers. The following [illegible] of an interview between an English Traveller and the President of the United States [illegible]

I [illegible]

European diplomatist, who had assured me "that I should find Mr. Adams a very clever, good sort of man, who would receive me civilly, and whom I should like more and more as I became intimate." Around me floated my mind of some associating [illegible] between the pride, pomp, and circumstance of royalty, or at least, of government, and the purpose and condition of the President of a great and orderly republic. With these analogies in my fancy, my friend the ambassador's speech strangely confused me; for although I had been introduced to almost every crowned head in Europe, I had never had any king recommended to me as "a very clever, good sort of man, who would receive me civilly."

The very morning of my arrival, having dressed myself in walking costume, suited to the intolerably hot weather, (that is to say, thin Spanish leathern boots and duck trowsers,) I took my umbrella as aforesaid, and walked to the President's palace, called the Capitol. I was much struck with the [illegible], with the large scale of the building, and with the [illegible] of the architecture, although, by the by, the elegance of the Ionic columns has a resemblance to the facade of our Custom House in London.—*Si parva componere magnis* [illegible]. The [illegible] heat of an almost vertical sun prevented my [illegible] to gaze on the [illegible] building; I proceeded to what I supposed [illegible]. They were ajar, and pushing the left wing open, I [illegible] the magnificent hall. It struck [illegible] to silence and [illegible] as I have described the [illegible] hall of [illegible]; but nothing could be more [illegible] than the character of the two places. I [illegible] no paintings of the old masters; no gods and goddesses, fauns and satyrs, or allegories; no [illegible] busts, or objects of virtu, with which every palace in Europe, even of the German Margravate, is [illegible]. I [illegible], however, gazing in admiration at the [illegible] at the vista of rooms, whistling to myself, now humming a tune, and making my remarks aloud, [illegible] I was alone. Presently turning upon my heel, I [illegible], to my astonishment, that I had been standing for [illegible] to an elderly servant, seated in a large [illegible], and who, without attempting to rise, kept looking at me with an expression barely sufficient to prove that he was conscious of my presence. The effect was very [illegible]. I stopped my whistling, and stared at this placid dull old fellow. Had I not broken silence first, I believe we might have stood gazing on each other till this hour; for his impenetrable gravity continued undisturbed, and he evinced not the slightest intention to speak.—All I got by my gaze was the discovery that his livery, if such it could be called, was very old-fashioned, much the worse for wear, and that the sleeves of his coat were too short for his arms by about six inches. At length breaking silence, I said, 'Well, my friend, I have a letter of introduction, and I want to know, according to your ceremonies, or rather [illegible]—for you do not seem overburdened [illegible] them—to what officer of state or of the household the letter must be delivered.'—'Oh, that's what you want, is it? So you have a letter, have you?—Where is it?'—'Why, friend, at this moment, it is in my pocket.'—'And who is it for, pray?'—'Why certainly I [illegible] to have stated that in the first instance. It is for the President of the [illegible].'—'Oh, for Mr. Adams, is it? Why then you [illegible] give it me and I'll take it into him at once,' said the old man, slowly raising himself on his arms upon the elbows of the chair. With a lazy, lounging gait, and an air of drowsy indifference, he [illegible] with my letter, leaving me standing [illegible] in the hall, with my hat on and umbrella in my hand. [illegible] I got tired of waiting, and sat down in his chair, reflecting upon the singularity of the scene. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, saying, with a sleepy nonchalance, 'The President is very busy, but he says you may see him now, if you please; so, if you like, you may follow me.' What a contrast to the [illegible] Russian monarch, the succession of halls lined with troops, and filled with almost an army of servants with splendid liveries, and officers in magnificent uniforms, with stars, orders, plumes, and decorations!

I followed the servant through four well-sized rooms, simply and elegantly furnished, and I entered a fifth, larger than the rest, at the extremity of which sat a little, [illegible] man, rather shabbily dressed. He was writing at a large table covered with piles of printed and manuscript papers, some of which I thought might as well have been dusted. 'Will you excuse me, Colonel [illegible] for a few minutes, till I have finished this letter?—[illegible] sit down,' said the President. In [illegible] the letter was finished, folded, sealed, and directed; and the President, drawing his chair from the table, threw his left ankle upon his right knee, and rubbing the calf of his leg, began a familiar conversation with me. [illegible] breeches and cotton stockings, and I observed that one knee was partly [illegible], and the strings of [illegible]. [illegible] his whole [illegible] and his conversation [illegible]. I [illegible], in an equal space of time, heard so much good [illegible], so much profound and extensive knowledge, [illegible] with shrewd [illegible] in any man. I began to feel what my friend had told me, "that the more I knew him the better I should like him."

The next day I had the honor of dining with the President. There were fourteen gentlemen at table, five of whom were officers of state, and three were foreigners.—The company evinced the highest breeding and the most [illegible] manners. The conversation was extremely intellectual; and I observed in all the functionaries present [illegible] to be friendly and hospitable towards me, but to [illegible] me information upon every point. Nothing could be [illegible] than the conduct of all of them. I [illegible] forgot to observe that, with the exception of my being placed at table immediately to the right of the President, the guests stood not on the order of their sitting; each man placed himself as he pleased, without ceremony or reference to rank.

As I left the Capitol, the President, shaking me by the hand, said, 'I hope I shall see you to-morrow, Colonel ——.' I replied in the affirmative, without knowing what he meant; but on returning home, I found there was to be a grand levee, and to that I accordingly repaired.

I had now to gain admission to the Capitol, or palace, by a different entrance. The approach is by a very elegant peristyle. There is a court formed by an iron railing with three gates, through which the crowd, which was very small, was not allowed to pass. The audience-hall was spacious, of an elliptical form, and richly, though simply, decorated. The President, as I entered, was seated at the extremity of the hall in an arm chair, undistinguished by form, elevation, or [illegible] respect, from the other chairs around it. Four of the principal ministers were seated close to him, and a number of military and naval officers, all the functionaries of government, the municipal authorities, and [illegible] of the representatives, were ranged in a semicircle to the right and left. All the [illegible], with the exception of the naval and military, were in plain blue coats, without any lace or decoration. After [illegible] presentation, received by the President with a simple unaffected dignity, the ministers rose from their seats, the whole company broke into little groups, and the conversation became unrestrained and cheerful. There were present a number of gentlemen of science, not many of literature, and few of what we should call [illegible]. The tone of conversation was always more [illegible] than [illegible], and I was struck with the extent of information which was evinced by those with whom I conversed. But the least curious part of this scene was the homely matter-of-course air with which the gentlemen, at their departure, took their hats from the same [illegible], and, taking each other's arms, walked down the peristyle as we should walk from a morning concert, or a lecture at the Royal Institution. Many went away on foot, [illegible] in open carriages with one or two horses, [illegible] by negro boys, and a few were in close carriages. The whole scene was full of [illegible]; and every feature was heightened in my mind by the comparison I could not help drawing between the *Court* (so to call it once more) of Washington, and all other Courts at which I had been present.

BOSTON MERCURY.

"By your sweet favor [illegible]"

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A DRAMATIC [illegible]

Vis [illegible]

Dr. Slop. This is a wonderful age we live in, Captain Shandy. We are continually making the most surprising discoveries, and most astonishing improvements in every thing. Look now, the whole world is alive; every thing is turned topsy-turvy. Old things are passed away, all things are become new. We are unriddling all the phenomena of nature, making metaphysics as plain as day, and driving at [illegible] in all departments. As Mr. [illegible] says,

"Every thing does go by steam now."

Parson [illegible] said in his last sermon, under his thi[illegible] general head, that the march of intellect was the grand characteristic of the age in which we live.

Uncle Toby. If I remember right, Paul Pry says something to the same effect.

Dr. Slop. Paul Pry was rather of opinion that the age was characterized by the spirit of inquiry.

Uncle Toby. Well, that is pretty much the same thing. Every thing is found out by inquiry. It is the grand pivot in the march of improvement, which I suppose is what you mean by the march of intellect.

Dr. Slop. Not exactly, Captain Shandy. Things may improve without intellect's advancing. Thus, Miss Susannah handles the warming-pan with more dexterity than formerly; she has improved in the management of it, yet there is no march of intellect in the case.

Uncle Toby. I don't understand that, Doctor. Intellect is intellect, whether it be exercised upon warming-pans or the wisdom of Solomon.

Dr. Slop. The distinction lies here, Captain Shandy, it is all in the philosophy of the thing. Now Susannah has not a philosophical notion of the warming-pan and its properties and operations; she goes about the thing in an empirical fashion, as we of the faculty say.

Uncle Toby. Pray, Doctor Slop, where is the advantage of having a philosophical notion of warming a bed? I should as soon think of charging bayonet in a philosophical fashion. I thought it was all a straight forward business—force a breach in the curtain, carry the covert-way, and then make a lodgment.

Dr. Slop. That is a common error. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to imagine that the general concerns of human business depend upon such simple operations. There is philosophy in every thing, and we now begin to find it out.

Trim. Please your honor that is just what Simon Spout said the other evening in his speech at Faneuil Hall.—Says he, Mr. Chairman, this is the age of improvement; every man must become his own teacher, his own legislator, and his own philosopher. We must keep pace with the spirit of the age, and diffuse the light of knowledge over the land, thereby dispelling the darkness of this enlightened community.

Dr. Slop. Ay, the spirit of the age is really *progressing*, as we say in this country. We are doing wonders, by means of societies; there are societies now for every thing *in rerum natura*.

Trim. Yes, your honor. There is Obadiah belongs to the "*March of Intellect Society*."

Dr. Slop. Indeed?

Trim. Yes, your honor. And Susannah, the housemaid, belongs to the Union Young Men's Education Society.

Uncle Toby. A very effective member, I dare say.

Trim. And Jonathan, the coachman, belongs to the Grand Railway Temperance Society.

Dr. Slop. Ah! Total abstinence is now the order of the day. Great improvements, Captain Shandy; drinking is nearly done with, and it is now pretty clearly proved that eating must share the same fate. It is all a beastly sort of business. Meat was not made to eat nor wine to drink. So it has been proved in the pulpit.

Uncle Toby. You don't say so.

Dr. Slop. Oh yes, proof positive. I wish you had heard Mr. Screechowl's sermon on the subject. It was a most ingenious and convincing piece of logic. Said he, "I am astonished that this intelligent and virtuous community should shut their eyes to the progress of this growing evil."

Uncle Toby. Very ingenious and logical truly.

Dr. Slop. "And my hearers," said he, "we live in a land pre-eminent for every blessing under heaven; we are increasing in wealth and prosperity beyond all example; we are held in high esteem throughout the world, for [illegible] we are a nation of drunkards, and are fast driving [illegible] pit of destruction."

Uncle Toby. And this sermon he cut in his closet and wrote for the benefit of his hearers and the information of the world. A most excellent device for enlightening mankind! Pray, where did he get his knowledge of the subject?

Dr. Slop. Out of the Temperance papers.

Uncle Toby. Temperance papers! What is a Temperance paper? in the name of gunpowder!

Dr. Slop. Bless me! don't you know? Why, a Temperance paper is a sheet filled with all the tales of drunkenness that can be raked and scraped out of every nook and corner of the twenty-four states.

Uncle Toby. I should think it must be a most precious jumble of filthy abominations.

Dr. Slop. Not at all, not at all; it is the most interesting thing in the world. There is every variety of jollification, from "*How came you so*," to "*Drunk as a fiddler*." It is the most delightful thing in the world to read. I would advise you to look at them. You cannot conceive what wonders the march of intellect is doing.

Trim. An please your honor, there was one left in the kitchen last week, and Obadiah read it through. He said it was a greater provocative to drink than a salt herring.

Uncle Toby. The march of intellect! with a vengeance.

Trim. And Deborah, the scullion, belongs to the Grand Supernumerary Auxiliary Foreign Missionary Society.

Uncle Toby. What, in the name of cannon-balls and bomb-shells, has that foolish fat scullion to do with foreign missions? She does not know ten letters of the alphabet, and could not, for the soul of her, tell whether the inhabitants of Cape Cod were Jews, Pagans or Christians.

Dr. Slop. Oh that matters not, Captain Shandy. I think it doubtful whether one half of them are much better informed; but we must forward the march of intellect among the heathen.

Trim. And Parson Yorick belongs to a Peace Society.

Uncle Toby. A Peace Society!

Dr. Slop. Yes, a Peace Society. A society for the extirpation of war.

Uncle Toby. Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, but if they had heard of such a thing as a Peace Society, they would have done worse.

Dr. Slop. But don't you think it an excellent plan?—[illegible] it to be a great proof of the march of intellect [illegible] that such an ingenious project should [illegible] to fighting at once.

Uncle Toby. [illegible]?

Dr. Slop. [illegible] get all the European monarchs, [illegible] of China, the Bashaw of [illegible], the Pope, the Shah of Persia, [illegible], the Great Mogul, and the King of [illegible] into the plan, there will be an universal [illegible] as one shall molest another.

Uncle Toby. Excellent, Doctor! But suppose one of the parties to this peaceable agreement should take it into his head to break the bargain.

Dr. Slop. Why, then the rest must make war upon him and bring him to terms.

Uncle Toby. Make war?

Dr. Slop. Yes, to preserve peace.

Uncle Toby. What sort of a doctrine is that?

Dr. Slop. Oh, the march of intellect. You cannot conceive what wonders the march of intellect is doing.

[*Enter Obadiah.*]

Obadiah. Oh Captain Shandy, you can't conceive what an accident has happened! indeed it was not my fault. You don't say it was my fault, your honor.

Uncle Toby. No, I cannot say it was any body's fault till I know what it is.

Obadiah. Why the cows have broken into the bowling-green and demolished all your fortifications!

Uncle Toby. Mercy on me! what, all my preparations for the siege of Adrianople?

Obadiah. Yes, your honor; they have trampled down the ramparts, knocked up the citadel, and whisked away the half-moon with their tails.

Uncle Toby. Oh, shade of Vauban! Is the whole city demolished?

Obadiah. All but one side of a [illegible], and a [illegible] and a half of a redan.

Uncle Toby. And how came this?

Obadiah. The cows broke through a fence, while I was away.

Uncle Toby. Why did not Jonathan drive the cows away?

Obadiah. Jonathan was attending the monthly meeting of the Grand Railway Temperance Society.

Uncle Toby. Well then; could not Susannah do it?

Obadiah. Oh no, your honor; Susannah had gone to the Young Men's Education Society.

Uncle Toby. And was there nobody else belonging to the house?

Obadiah. Nobody but the scullion, and she was at a meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society.

Uncle Toby. And pray, Mr. Obadiah, where was you?

Obadiah. I was at the March of Intellect Society, to hear the Grand Quarterly Report.

Uncle Toby. Really, Doctor Slop, I must allow that the march of intellect is doing wonders. It has marched the servants out of the house, and marched the cows into my fortifications.

Johnston's Scraps. The success of the first number of this publication was so decidedly evinced in the rapid sale of the whole edition, that the ingenious author has been induced to design and engrave a second, in which will be found abundant food for merriment. We have been favored with a sight of the sheets, embracing thirty-six designs of the most ludicrous description. Some of them are happy and forcible hits at the prevailing tastes of the age, others are correct representations of scenes which Johnston himself has witnessed and carefully noted down, —and not a few are the comical inventions of that "mad wag," who knows how to "set the table on a roar," by his peculiar style of narrating such events as have passed under his observation, and whose skill with the pencil and graver in the delineation of all manner of oddities, and the embodying of every incident in life that can be twisted or turned into a broad joke, is altogether unequalled in this country.

It is impossible to describe these things accurately.—They must be carefully examined to be appreciated, and the expressions of individual countenances studied before the acuteness of Mr. Johnston's observation, and his deep sense of the humorous can be fully comprehended. We will however attempt to give our readers a general idea of three or four of the pictures.

"Practitioners at the bar lamenting the failure of the United States *mint*," represents three or four doleful looking fellows standing at a tavern bar complaining of the coldness of the spring. "Bless my soul," says one of these bibbers, "how many sufferers there are when early crops fail! This time last year I was swallowing oceans of mint-julep, and here I am in the middle of June obliged to stick to winter's cocktail!"

"Short accommodations for a long gentleman" displays a wayfaring man of uncommon longitude stretched upon a couch so brief that he is compelled to extend his limbs out of the chamber window. The [illegible] poultry [illegible] upon his feet and ankles, and with a placid smile the tired traveller remarks, "what honest creatures country fowls are, here they have been roosting upon my legs all night, without making an irregular appropriation of a single corn."

"The desperate case of insanity," is in the committal of an unfortunate wight to the Lunatic Hospital, for "returning a borrowed umbrella when it had ceased to rain, though there was every appearance of a shower in a day or two."

"The overturned Stage" exhibits Mr. Peters, in various attitudes, swallowing a bar of iron, walking on the ceiling with his head downwards, balancing plates and swords upon his nose, climbing a rope, &c. &c. In the foreground an opera dancer is making rapid gyrations with her legs extended like a pair of dividers, at an angle of 90 degrees. Poor Shakspeare is thrown to the earth, and his nose is broken by a blow from a balance-pole. The clown treads upon his head and says, "Lay close Bill, till the lady's done, and then you may get up and chalk the rope."

We have no room for further remarks upon this entertaining collection, but can assure our readers that it will afford them a good hour's boisterous enjoyment—for, as to scrutinizing the several engravings with a sober countenance or in a quiet way, we maintain it to be an impossibility.

Natural Curiosity. There is now exhibiting at No. 20 Cornhill, late Market street, a wonder of this sort which surpasses any thing of the kind ever before heard of. It is the remains of the monstrous animal discovered three or four years ago, near *Fort St. Philip*, on the Mississippi. These remains consist of a *jaw bone* 20 *feet* in length, and portions of the spine, ribs and legs proportionably large. The animal when alive must have been, we should judge, as high as the Old South Church and twice as long. The largest mammoth ever known must have been a mere puppy to this fellow. He could have swallowed oxen by the dozen, and gobbled up the Canadian Giant without chewing. A pair of them would have been ballast enough for Noah's ark, if [illegible] of any reasonable tonnage.

THE THEATRE.

Mr. Booth continues to draw full houses, and has given, during the last week, with one or two exceptions, a very good specimen of his powers. His [illegible] is the best thing he has done. We have seen [illegible], except Kean, who has made so much of the character, though Booth is rather wanting in physical power for so violent a character as *Sir Giles*; the nicer shades of the Knight's character were delineated by him with great vividness and correction.

In *Hamlet*, he made some good points, as in the closet scene, and the scene with *Ophelia*; but the general character was deficient in distinctness and prominence. It was obscure and without individuality.

In *Lear*, he is generally allowed to have failed. He wanted the true pathos of description throughout, although he was far from deficient in energy.

The tragedy of the *Apostate* gave him an opportunity of exhibiting a picture of deep, subtle and refined revenge in the character of *Pescara*, to which he did full justice. We should imagine that the part of [illegible] in this play, demanded some higher powers than those of Pescara, since it is a greater [illegible] and variety of passion [illegible]. Booth did two or three of the scenes very well, but he is quite unequal to the whole character.

Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS NEXT WEEK.

Union,	Nantucket,	[illegible]
[illegible]	Wellfleet,	[illegible]
[illegible]	Leominster,	"
St Peters,	Newburyport,	"
Liberty,	[illegible]	"
Rural,	[illegible]	"
Mount Vernon,	[illegible]	"
Columbian,	[illegible]	"
Union,	[illegible]	"
Middlesex,	[illegible]	"
King Solomon's,	[illegible]	"
[illegible]	[illegible]	"
[illegible]	[illegible]	"
[illegible]	[illegible]	"
[illegible]	[illegible]	"
[illegible]	[illegible]	"
Unity,	[illegible]	"
Portland,	[illegible]	"
Philanthropic,	[illegible]	"
St Albans,	[illegible]	"
Jordan,	[illegible]	"
Essex,	[illegible]	"
Harmony,	Northfield,	"
Mount Hermon,	[illegible]	"
Norfolk Union,	Randolph,	"
Hiram,	Lexington,	Thursday
St. Andrews	[illegible]	Thursday
Merrimack,	Haverhill,	"
Mount Moriah,	North Reading,	"
Constellation,	Dedham,	"
Pentucket,	Chelmsford,	"
Rising Star,	Stoughton,	"
Washington,	Roxbury,	"
Mount Zion Chapter,	Stoughton,	Monday
Washington, R. A.	Salem,	Thursday

Marriages.

In this city, Samuel Andrews to Catharine Burrows.

John Hickman, of Wellfleet, to Sarah Ann, daughter of John Wilson, branch pilot.

Levi Goodwin, of Hallowell, Me. to Sarah P. Fisher.

Samuel [illegible] to Mrs. Hannah Davies, formerly of the New-England Coffee House, London.

By the Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick, David C. Johnston to Sarah Elizabeth, 3d daughter of Thomas Murphy.

James Mills to Lydia Davis.

Charles Upham to Elizabeth [illegible].

Lewis Wood to Thankful H. Allen.

In Charlestown, Nathaniel W. Starbird to Mary D. Horn.

In Roxbury, John Phillips, of Newburyport, to Sarah A.; and Otis Davis, Jr. of Roxbury, to Ellen S. daughter of Jonathan Dorr, Esq. of Roxbury.

In Cambridge, Jonathan W. Ford to Catharine Cutler, of Boston.

In West Cambridge, Walter Fletcher to Matilda [illegible].

In Watertown, James Barnard of this city, to Ann Wright, of Watertown.

In Quincy, Josiah [illegible], formerly of Lunenburg, to Eleanor [illegible], late of Scituate.

In Lynn, John Andrews to Rebecca [illegible].

In Salem, Joseph Bowers to Mary C. Frye; Charles Weston to Mary S. Ward; Joel Browning to Nancy Hall; Peter Lewis to Sarah Foote; Samuel Brown to Sally Price.

In Gloucester, Capt. John Low Rogers to Abigail Knights.

In Concord, Mass. James [illegible], of Malden, to Mary Ann Wentworth.

In Groton, Norman Seaver, Esq. of this city, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Luther Lawrence, Esq.

In East Sudbury, William Whittemore, of Weston to Mary Smith.

In Providence, on Thursday morning, by Rev. Dr. Edes, Samuel Topliff, proprietor of the Merchants' Hall News Room in this city, to Jane [illegible], second daughter of William [illegible], Esq. formerly of this city.

Deaths.

In this city, Thomas Healy, aged 30 years.

Mary Ann Page, 18; Elijah S. [illegible], 29.

Nancy Reed, 23; Daniel Frank, 38.

In Roxbury, Wm. Whitney, son of John [illegible].

In West Cambridge, Joseph Fisher, 45.

At South Boston, Benjamin Frazier, 52.

In Lynn, Major Ezra [illegible], 44; Samuel [illegible], child of Samuel J. [illegible], aged 5 mos.

In Hingham, Catherine Russell, infant daughter of [illegible] and Lucy C. Stoddard, aged 6 weeks; Rev. Henry [illegible], aged 54.

In Danbury, Sally, wife of Charles Moss—also an infant child of the above.

In New Bedford, [illegible], aged about 40; Sarah, wife of Thomas Parker, aged 68.

In Barnstable, Thomas, infant child of Elijah L. and Sarah L. Dimmick.

In Plymouth, Jerusha, wife of Samuel Talbot, aged 31; Elizabeth, wife of John Swift.

In [illegible], William, aged 17, son of Wm. Foley, of Portsmouth. Killed by the blasting of a rock.

In Sharon, Rev. Henry Moller, aged 80. He was born at Hamburg, Germany, and served as chaplain in Gen. Washington's army during the Revolutionary war.

In East Sudbury, Olive, wife of Joseph Hudson.

In Hiram, Me. Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, a soldier of the Revolution, and for many years Representative in Congress from Cumberland District.

In New Orleans, Hon. John W. Smith.

In New Brunswick, Robert Smith, Esq. aged 77. Mr. Smith was one of the American Loyalists who emigrated to N. B. at the end of the Revolutionary war.

HEALING POWERS OF [illegible] LIVERWORT.

A. [illegible], a young man between 20 and 30 years of age, has been [illegible] to consumption for [illegible] years, at least.

In the winter of 1827-8, he was attacked with many symptoms of confirmed consumption; pulse 120 in the minute; hectic fever, incessant cough, with expectoration of matter, which in amount amounted to full a pint a day, night sweats, debility, and great emaciation.

After having tried the usual means to no effect, the Liverwort was resorted to. It was first taken in decoction without any apparent benefit; a concentrated syrup was then taken, and to the astonishment of all his friends, he rapidly recovered, so far as to be able to attend to business, and the summer following worked a small garden, and has continued mending gradually in health and flesh to this date.

New Lebanon, April 16th, 1829.

N. B. The above account is taken from the case book of the Physician to the Society of Shakers in New Lebanon, and may be relied on as correct.

The above named Syrup is for sale by EBENEZER WIGHT, Druggist, 46 Milk street, opposite Federal street, Boston.

dec 4 tf

NOTICE. BOSTON SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

The subscribers to this Society being already more than sufficient to fill the Hall of the Athenæum, and applications being daily made for Tickets, notice is hereby given, that arrangements have been made with the gentlemen to repeat the Lectures on each Saturday evening.

Persons desirous of attending, may procure tickets at the Bookstore of Messrs. Carter & Hendee, corner of Washington and School streets.

The price of Tickets will be as before advertised; $2 for adults, $1 for minors.

The Lectures will be given by the following gentlemen:

Dr. Walter Channing,	Hon. Alexander H. Everett,
Dr. Francis Lieber,	Rev. Alonzo Potter,
Dr. John Park,	Dr. Chandler Robbins,
Hon. William Sullivan,	Hon. John Pickering.

By direction of the Managers. H. ROBINSON, Rec. Sec.

dec 4

DANCING ACADEMY. Mr. and Mrs. LABASSE respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that the second quarter of their School will begin on the 5th of the next month.

Thursday and Saturday afternoons for the young Ladies, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for the Boys.

Evening Schools for Gentlemen every Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock. dec 4

CAII JULII CÆSARIS COMMENTARII De Bello Gallico, Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ, atque Index Historicus et Geographicus, in usum Scholarum, curavit Fred. P. Leverett. Just published by HILLIARD, GRAY & Co. dec 4

A BOOK FOR MASSACHUSETTS CHILDREN, in Familiar Letters [illegible], for the use of families and schools, with a Map of the [illegible]. Just published by HILLIARD, GRAY & Co. dec 4

FOR SALE, a beautiful toned ORGAN, for Vestry or Hall, designed [illegible] W. M. GOODRICH [illegible]. Cambridge, December 4.

JUST published by CARTER & HENDEE, the American Journal of Education, [illegible]. CONTENTS. Primary Education; Remarks [illegible] Education of the U. S. [illegible]; Education; Letters of [illegible]; Geography; Journal of Education [illegible]; Sunday Schools; University of [illegible]; Life of Napoleon; Johnson's [illegible]; in Poetry; The Youth's Keepsake [illegible]; Outlines of Ecclesiastical History [illegible]; Tales; The North American Annual [illegible]; the Infant School at Home; [illegible] Parley's Method of Teaching Geography [illegible]. nov 27

NEW BOOKS [illegible] for sale by CARTER & HENDEE. [illegible] Register of the first [illegible]; Life of Bishop Heber; Life of Arthur Lee [illegible] [illegible]. nov 27

TAVERNIER'S [illegible]. Just published and for sale [illegible]. nov 27

LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA, or Journal of a Voyage to the United States [illegible] John D. Godman, M. D. Just received [illegible]. nov 27

SALES AT AUCTION.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow) at [illegible] o'clock, At Dorr & Allen's Auction Room, corner of [illegible] and Congress streets.

A variety of household Furniture, [illegible] tables; [illegible] feather beds; [illegible] variety of other articles.

At 11 o'clock. [illegible]

At 12 o'clock. 1 elegant [illegible] Piano Forte, [illegible]

[illegible] Dorr & Allen, Auct'rs.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow) [illegible] At Dorr & Allen's [illegible] 300 single [illegible]

On SATURDAY [illegible]

A collection [illegible]

A beautiful Oil Painting [illegible]

A first rate Vegetable, in complete order. J. L. Cunningham [illegible]

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 10 o'clock, At Cunningham's Auction Room, 100 bbls [illegible]

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 1 o'clock, In front of Cunningham's Auction Room, corner of Milk and Federal streets. Postponed from Saturday last. Two fine Horses, [illegible] J. L. Cunningham, Auctioneer.

LONDON ANNUALS FOR 1830. CARTER & HENDEE have just received [illegible] Wreath; Friendship's Offering [illegible]. nov

H[illegible] [illegible] TERRESTRIAL GLOBE [illegible] CELESTIAL GLOBE [illegible]. For sale by HILLIARD, GRAY & CO. nov 13

NEW BOOKS. CARTER & HENDEE have just published and for sale, A manual of Materia Medica and Pharmacy, comprising a concise description of the articles used in medicine [illegible] by H. M. Edwards, M. D. and P. Vavasseur, M. D. translated from the French, with additions, &c. by Joseph Togno and E. Durand. [illegible]

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. No. 11, for November, 1829.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine. Edited by J. S. Skinner, Esq. No. 1, Vol. 1, for September, 1829.

A Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice Admiral Lord Collingwood; interspersed with Memoirs of his Life. By G. L. Newnham Collingwood, Esq. F. R. S. First American from the fourth London edition.

The Atlantic Souvenir for 1830.

The Pearl or Affection's Gift, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1830.

The Young Gentleman's and Young Lady's Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge; intended as a Holiday or Birth Day Present. By W. [illegible]. nov 13

PARLEY'S GEOGRAPHY. Just published and for sale by CARTER & HENDEE [illegible]

AN INTRODUCTION TO [illegible]

WILLARD PHILLIPS [illegible]

HISTORY OF AMERICA [illegible]

The Literary Review. [illegible]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

Review of a French work entitled "De l'Amour, par M. Beyle."

When we first took up the present work, we expected from the title page, and from a hasty glance at the table of contents, [illegible] satire against the [illegible] of French society—the overweening and [illegible] gallantry of all classes, accompanied by [illegible] of its effeminating influence upon the national character [illegible] understood. Love, [illegible] subject for levity. On the [illegible] prime importance that [illegible] have a clear and scientific notion [illegible] done into "les développements [illegible] de langueur;" and, [illegible] made entire seriousness [illegible] the manner of Aristotle [illegible] the origin, [illegible] (if it is not incurable) [illegible], from the [illegible]," in middle [illegible] in France, [illegible] "l'Amour-[illegible] love-[illegible] upon [illegible] particular [illegible] up-[illegible] say;— [illegible] sug-[illegible] a [illegible] follow [illegible], or [illegible] in-[illegible] to support [illegible] his work [illegible] sense, [illegible] of his amour [illegible] love:— [illegible] of Eloisa for [illegible] prevailed in [illegible] to be found in [illegible] of the time. [illegible] in classic [illegible] qui fait dans les [illegible] the most ordinary [illegible] France, where men [illegible] matter of luxury, or as a [illegible] thing that society expects [illegible] young man is smitten with [illegible] superior rank or fortune, he becomes [illegible]. Vanity makes him blind to the [illegible]. "Une duchesse n'a jamais que trente [illegible] un bourgeois," [illegible] Duchesse de [illegible].

[illegible] four grand divisions include every species [illegible] of the passion; though M. Beyle admits [illegible] might have considered it under eight [illegible] genera: but he assures us that "no [illegible] in the nomenclature would affect his [illegible] form of love that is found here [illegible] dies, or lifts itself to [illegible] to the same immutable laws."

We next come next to

The Birth of Love

"Voici ce qui passe dans l'ame."

1. L'Admiration.

2. On se dit—Quel plaisir de lui donner des baisers, d'en recevoir, &c.

3. L'Esperance—On etudie les perfections, &c.

4. L'Amour est né."—Here we have a short description of the passion, containing nothing new to the initiated, and that would not be very intelligible to such of our readers as have never said within themselves, "Quel plaisir, &c."

5. "La premiere cristallisation commence."—With all our anxiety to keep on friendly terms with our author, we involuntarily started at this passage, and exclaimed, "Diable! qu'est que c'est donc que la cristallisation?" [illegible] defend his phraseology: "Let a lover's brain at work for [illegible] hours, and here's what takes place [illegible] winter has [illegible] into the [illegible] taken up [illegible] covered with brilliant crystals. The [illegible] tions, even those that are as slender as the foot of a tom-tit, are surrounded with infinite clusters of moving and glittering diamonds. It is impossible to recognise the original branch. Now, what I call crystallization is that operation of the lover's mind, which can draw from every idea that presents itself, a discovery that his mistress has some new perfection. For instance, if a traveller describes the freshness of the orange groves of Genoa, on the sea-coast, during the burning days of summer, 'Quelle plaisir (thinks the lover) de gouter cette fraicheur avec elle!' Again, a friend happens to break his arm at a hunt, 'Quelle douceur (whispers the crystallizing principle within us) de recevoir les soins d'une femme qu'on aime.' To fancy ourselves forever at her side, and the object of her unremitting tenderness, makes us almost think that the pain would be a blessing; and before we take leave of our friend with the broken arm, we have thoroughly satisfied ourselves of the angelic qualities of our mistress. In a word, we have only to think of any particular perfection in order to find it realized (to our imagination) in the person that we love."

This phenomenon the author calls crystallization; and he has with great propriety taken an early opportunity of disclosing its signification, else we should have been grievously puzzled with many passages that come in the course of his work,—as "a girl of eighteen has not a sufficient supply of crystallization at her command."—"Hatred has also its crystallization." "The most affecting moment for early love is, when it discovers that it has made a false reasoning, and that it [illegible] a whole [illegible] of crystallization. [illegible] to the species in the progress [illegible].

6. [illegible]." In this stage, the lover, by means of the first crystallization (No. 5.), has [illegible] himself of the perfection of his mistress; but he [illegible] whether the crystallization has been equally active on her side. [illegible] of the [illegible] a [illegible].

7. "[illegible]

[illegible] produced by [illegible] the idea, 'she loves me.'" To this conclusion, after a good deal of coming to and fro (au milieu [illegible] doutes et délicieuses), the lover [illegible] at last; and as a consciousness, this [illegible] is rendered far more grateful to his feelings than a mere possession that his mistress is [illegible]. M. B. very justly assigns a considerable [illegible] to the second crystallization. In this, [illegible] mind of the lover incessantly [illegible] between these three ideas:— [illegible] perfection under the [illegible] with me.—&c. What [illegible] a signal proof of her [illegible].

[illegible] seven epochs of love, the author sums up [illegible] the following table of their respective durations:

"There may be the interval of a year between No. 1 and No. 2.

"A month between No. 2 and No. 3.

"The twinkling of an eye (un clin d'œil) between No. 3 and No. 4.

"No interval between No. 4 and No. 5.

"A few days, more or less, according to temperament, habits, and force of character of the party, between No. 5 and No. 6.

"Not a moment's interval betwen No. 6 and No. 7."

We have not been sufficiently in the habit of splitting sighs to pronounce upon the philosophical merits of this summary: we would merely (in reference to Nos. 4 and 5, and Nos. 6 and 7) suggest to M. B., unless the objection should in any way interfere with his system, that, in questions of duration, any two given points of time, between which there is no interval, have been generally held to be simultaneous, or, in other words, mathematically one and the same.

The above condensed sketch contains the general results of the author's meditations upon the metaphysics of the heart. The rest of his work is occupied by deductions from these primary principles, and by illustrations drawn from his own experience or from books. Neither are very methodically arranged: we shall, therefore, be excused if we extract, rather at random, a few of the passages that strike us. Among his practical observations we find the following:

"In love nothing is more surprising than the first movement (*le premier pas*) and the extraordinary revolution of feeling that it occasions. No scene is more calculated to produce this than a ball-room. A rapid waltz, in a brilliantly-lighted saloon, fills the young heart with an intoxication before which timidity vanishes, and by thus augmenting the consciousness of its powers, inspires it at last with the courage to fall in love (*l'audace d'aimer*). For the sight of a lovely object is not in itself enough. On the contrary, extreme loveliness discourages persons of any sensibility. The object must be seen, if not manifesting a preference for us, at least divested of its majesty. No one thinks of falling in love with a queen, unless she makes the first advances. Nothing is, *therefore*, more favorable to the birth of love than a mixture of dull retirement, and occasional balls, with long intervals of expectation between them. Prudent mothers, who have daughters on their hands, know this, and act accordingly." And we shall add, in confirmation of our author's conclusions, that, in this country, prudent fathers know it too. John Bull never heard of crystallization; but his rough instinct revealed to him a secret, which [illegible]. From the beginning he set his face against the German waltz. No wheedling or pouting could bring him to endure it. It is even against his better judgment that he ever trusts one of his young and handsome daughters so far as "down the middle and back again." He had and has his reasons; and if he had equally his way (but one at last gets tired of being always in the right) not a foot would he allow them to set in one of those hot beds of tenderness, a brilliant ball-room.

"No quality is so likely to win a woman, whose heart is truly feminine, as force of character.—Hence the success of young officers of a remarkably grave deportment. Females even of the first order of mind are sometimes duped by the affectation of this quality;" and M. B. lays it down as a general rule, "that a little *charlatanerie* in this respect may be [illegible] employed, provided it appears that the crystallization (on the lady's side) has actually commenced." In another passage he even hints that downright effrontery seldom fails, "either because it pleases in itself, or is mistaken for force of character."

M. Beyle has [illegible] his work with many original anecdotes. In the chapter on "Female Pride," he alludes to the fate of Pia, whose husband, Nello della Pietra, in a fit of jealousy, carried her off to a solitary mansion in the marshes of Volterra, where, as he anticipated, she quickly sunk beneath the effects of the malaria. "It happened once to me in Piedmont," says M. B. "to be the involuntary witness of a very similar circumstance, though, at the time, I was unacquainted with the details. I was detached with a party of dragoons into the woods that skirt the vale of Sesia, to prevent the smuggling that went on there. Upon arriving at night in that wild and desolate tract, I [illegible] among the trees the ruins of an old [illegible] which I entered. To my great surprise, it was inhabited. I found within [illegible]. He was a [illegible] and forty years [illegible] supplied us with a couple of [illegible] I amused ourselves [illegible] with music. After a few days we discovered that this man had a female in his custody, whom we laughingly called Camilla. We [illegible] suspecting the horrid truth. [illegible] she died. I felt an [illegible] to see her in her coffin [illegible] the [illegible] towards midnight, under [illegible] holy water, he introduced [illegible] where she lay. I found there [illegible] figures which [illegible] in the bosom of death. She had a [illegible], whose contour, so expressive [illegible] and tenderness, I can [illegible] the mournful [illegible]. Five years [illegible] Emperor [illegible] I [illegible] the jealous husband [illegible] to his wife's death [illegible] property of a young [illegible] which they resided. On [illegible] her off to the ruined [illegible] woods of Sesia. Like Nello [illegible] and implacable. In [illegible] he coldly and silently observed [illegible]

[illegible] the watch, which he always kept about his person. He then passed nearly three years with [illegible]. At length she died of a broken heart, in the flower of her age. The husband made an attempt [illegible] the murder of the watch—visited him—fled to Genoa—threw himself on board a ship, and has never since been heard of."

THE BROTHERS.

An Anecdote from the German of Schiller.

Plays and romances disclose to us the most shining traits in the human mind: our imagination is inflamed, but our heart remains cold; at least the fervor which is raised in it in this manner is only momentary, and becomes chilled in practical life. At the same instant that we are moved almost to tears by the underrated goodness of [illegible] of the noble hero of romance, we perhaps spurn with anger from our door the miserable beggar who importunes us for charity. Who knows, whether this artificial existence in an ideal world, may not undermine our existence in the real one? We hover as it were about the two extremes of morality, angel and devil, and the medium—man—we abandon.

The following anecdote of two Germans, (with a proud joy do I say it) has one indisputable merit—it is true. I hope it may instil more warmth into my readers, than all the volumes of Grandison or of Pamela.

Two brothers, Barons of W——, were in love with a young and excellent lady, and neither was acquainted with the passion of the other. The affection of both was tender and vehement—it was their first: the maiden was beautiful, and formed of sensibility. They suffered their inclinations to increase to the utmost bounds, for the danger the most dreadful to their hearts was unknown to them, to have a brother for a rival. Each forbore an early explanation with the lady, and thus were both deceived; until an unexpected occurrence discovered the whole secret of their sentiments.

Their love had already risen to its utmost height: that most unhappy passion, which has caused almost as cruel ravages as its dreadful counterpart, had taken such complete possession of their hearts, as to render a sacrifice on either side impossible. The fair one, full of commiseration for the unhappy situation of these two unfortunates, would not decide upon the exclusion of either, but submitted her own feelings to the decision of their brotherly love.

Conqueror in this doubtful strife, betwixt duty and sentiment, which our philosophers are always so ready to decide, but which the practical man undertakes so slowly, the elder brother said to the younger, "I know thou lovest the maiden as vehement as myself. I will not ask for which of us a priority of right should determine. Do thou remain here, whilst I seek the wide world. I am willing to die, that I may forget her. If such be my fate, brother, then is she thine, and may Heaven bless thy love! Should I not meet with death, do thou set out, and follow my example."

He left Germany, and hastened to Holland; but the form of his beloved still followed him.—Far from the climate, which she inhabited, banished from the spot which contained the whole felicity of his heart, in which alone he was able to exist, the unhappy youth sickened,—as the plant withers which is ravished from its maternal bed in Asia by the powerful European, and forced [illegible] rougher soil. He reached Amsterdam in a desponding condition, where he fell ill of a violent and dangerous fever. The form of her he loved predominated in his frantic dreams; his health depended on her possession. The physicians were in doubt of his life, and nothing but the assurance of being restored again to her, rescued him from the arms of death. He arrived in his native city changed to a skeleton, the most dreadful image of consuming grief, and with tottering steps reached the door of his beloved—of his brother.

"Brother, behold me once again. Heaven knows how I have striven to subdue the emotions of my heart. I can do no more."

He sunk senseless into the lady's arms.

The younger brother was no less determined. In a few weeks he was ready to set out.

"Brother, thou carriedst thy grief with thee to Holland. I will endeavor to bear mine farther. Lead not the maiden to the altar till I write to thee. Fraternal love alone permits such a stipulation. Should I be more fortunate than thou wert, in the name of God let her be thine, and may Heaven prosper thy union. Should I not, may the Almighty in that case judge farther between us! Farewell. Take this sealed packet; do not open it till I am far from hence. I am going to Batavia!"

He then sprung into the coach. The other remained motionless, and absorbed in grief, for his brother had surpassed him in generosity. Love, [illegible], the sorrow at losing such a [illegible] upon his mind. The noise [illegible] pierced him to the heart—[illegible] The lady—but no! of her I [illegible]

The packet was opened. It contained a complete assignment of all his German possessions to his brother, in the event of fortune being favorable to the fugitive [illegible]. The latter, [illegible] Dutch merchant, and arrived safely at this place. A few weeks after, he sent his brother the following lines:—

"Here, where I return thanks to the Almighty, here, in another world, do I think of thee, and of our loves, with all the joy of a martyr. New scenes [illegible] expanded my soul, and God has given [illegible] to offer the greatest sacrifice to friendship—the maiden—God! here a tear [illegible] fall—the last—I have conquered—the maiden is thine. Brother, it was not ordained that I should possess her; that by she would not have been happy with me. If the thought should ever come to her, that she would have been—Brother! brother! with difficulty do I tear her from my soul.—Do not forget how [illegible] the attainment of her [illegible]. [illegible] always as thy youthful [illegible]. Treat her always as the dear legacy of a brother, whom thy arms will never more enfold. Farewell! Do not write to me, when thou celebratest thy nuptials; [illegible] my wounds still bleed. Write to me, that thou art happy. My deed is a surety to me, that God will not forsake me in a foreign world."

The [illegible] celebrated. The next [illegible] a year. At the end of [illegible]. In her expiring moments [illegible] confessed to her most intimate [illegible] secret of her bosom;—she confessed that she had loved the brother [illegible].

Both brothers still live. The elder upon his estate in Germany, where he has married again. The younger remains in Batavia, and has become a fortunate and shining character. He made a vow never to marry, and has kept it.

Scene on board a Steam Boat, from London to Calais. "How do you find yourself now, my darling?" said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on, because, as he said, his "air vas quite vet."—"Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm hung up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I could bolt any thing."—"Then just warm these potatoes," said Smart, handing him the dish, "for they are almost cold."—"I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me," quoth the young Cockney, looking glumpish, "or I shall fetch you a wipe vith this here hand-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell."—"Never mind him, my dear," cried his mother, "cut this mutton-chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!"—"Very good!" exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands; "egad! Ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin." This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and, as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor,—an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and began attacking the buttock of beef with great vigor and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous "happetite," and felt "as angry as an ound."—"I never say any thing to discourage any body," said Mr. Croak, "particularly young people; it's a thing I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sate down to his dinner in this very packet, after being seasick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made."

"I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that," replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out—"Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs."—"I doubt that," cried Smart.—"I say it does," resumed Dick angrily, "the table-cloth is all of a sop."—"I'll bet you half-a-crown it doesn't." 'Done! and done!' were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed—"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer." This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who sullenly muttered, "I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an 'alf-crown in that there vay; and vat's more, I von't be made a standing joke by no man." "I don't see how you can," replied his antagonist, "so long as you are sitting." "Vy are you like a case of ketchup?" cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own enquiry, "Because you are a sauce-box."—"Haw! haw!" roared his mother, "Bravo, Dick! well done, Dick! there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart." Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge, by [illegible] Dick [illegible] him to guess two or three times in vain, cried, "Because there's a goose's head in it," and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh, in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be "'igh-water in the arbor vhen they arrived."—"Then I recommend you by all means to see some of it," said the pertinacious Mr. Smart; "perhaps it may cure your squint."

Antiquities. As the cutting down of Gallow-Hill, near this city, proceeds, many interesting remains of former ages are brought to light; but especially memorials of the dominion of the Romans, whose chief northern station, as is well known, were in this district. On Tuesday last a most interesting discovery was made—that of a well-executed and neatly-designed Roman tomb, in fine preservation, five feet four inches long, and two feet nine inches and a half wide. It contains a female figure in alto relievo, three feet in length, holding in her left hand a rudely sculptured flower; in her right a scarf, or some emblematical ornament, which is thrown over the shoulder. Underneath is the following inscription:—

D·M·AVR AVRELIA· VIX·SIT
ANNOS XXXXI ML. PIVS
APOLINARIS. CONIVGI. CARISSIME
POSUIT

Probably:—"Diis Manibus Aureliæ. Aurelia vixit, annos 41: Memoriæ hoc Pius Apollinaris conjugi carissimæ posuit."

"To the Dii Manes of Aurelia. Aurelia lived 41 years. In memory, Pius Apollinaris placed, or consecrated, this to his dear wife."

The stone was found four feet and a half below the surface of the hill, which was evidently a Roman place of sepulture. It lay with the figure and inscription downwards. Near it was also discovered a roughly executed capital of a Corinthian column, 24 inches by 16, in red freestone; also six Roman urns, of various dimensions (one of them full of ashes); a lachrymatory, [illegible] jet rings; the largest three inches in diameter, [illegible] in an extraordinary perfect state.—*Carlisle Patriot.*

Greek Vases. The following [illegible] a letter of a distinguished [illegible]—"We have had, in the [illegible] traordinary discovery [illegible] or Villas, in which [illegible] vases of the best [illegible] have been found. [illegible] inscriptions—all, however, [illegible] Greek personages, and by Greek [illegible] often named, such as Archelaus, [illegible], Æschylus, Megacles, [illegible]—all of these eldest [illegible] the paintings. These [illegible] will be continued in the winter. Above [illegible] modern plates in shape, [illegible] with black figures, have also been found, which I imagine served for the funeral [illegible] by [illegible]. The [illegible] expected to [illegible]; but at present they still sell as ever. The collection here, which was the best in the world, is, of course, much diminished in value."

JEWETT'S IMPROVED VEGETABLE [illegible]

[illegible]

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY. [illegible] HOWARD has opened a Circulating Library [illegible]

[illegible]

PARTRIDGE'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE. [illegible]

[illegible]

DR. JEWETT'S AMERICAN VEGETABLE [illegible]

[illegible]

NEW-ENGLAND FARMER'S ALMANAC [illegible]

[illegible]

EUROPEAN LEECHES. The subscriber [illegible]

[illegible]

PONCHE A LA ROMAINE. [illegible]

[illegible]

RIENZI. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] FALL AND WINTER GOODS [illegible]

[illegible]